The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

Nr 22 SUMMER 1966 35c THE COPY

The Idler's Journal

ABOUT THE TIME that the reader receives this issue, I expect to be enjoying a boiled Maine lobster no more than a couple miles from where it was hauled from the cool, island-guarded waters of Casco Bay.

Casco Bay is part of the ragged edge of Maine that would, if stretched out straight, reach all the way from Portland to the Panama Canal. So they say.

They also say that the bay has more islands than any other body of water in the United States: 365 by exact estimate.

This calculation goes back a long way. An English document of 1700 called the islands the Calendar Isles and noted, "Sd bay is covered from storms that come from the sea by a multitude of islands, great and small, there being (if report be true) as many islands as there are Days in a Yr."

The State of Maine, however, claims just 222 "big enough for a man to get out and stand on." And even this may include a touch of hyperbole. I pulled out a chart one stormy afternoon and only came up with 167.

Still, that's enough. I've visited Casco Bay many times and am still not familiar with all the isles that provide protection in storm and beauty in calm. Some are inhabited and some are not, but with rare exception they retain a tranquil primaeval quality as they lie off the long peninsulas of the upper side of the bay, like so many boats at anchor in a great harbor.

The nomenclature of the bay recalls an age when Americans spoke a less image-conscious language. There is no Leisure Village, Sunset Acres, or Tropicana Isle. There are, however, four Green Islands, three Ram and three Mark Islands, not to mention Lower and Upper Goose, the Goslings, Clapboard, Sow and Pigs, Punkin Knob, Pound of Tea, Junk of Pork, Little Bull Ledge, Burnt Coat, Crotch, Broken Cave and Long No. 2.

There are Indian names, too. Like Harraseeket, the name of a short tidal river in which the waters rise and fall an average of nine feet and which quickly changes from a broad estuary to a narrow stream curling its way through salt marshes and under branches that shade its passage. If one picks the right time of the tide it is possible to follow the stream to where the asphalt road crosses at Mast Landing. It is a friendly little stream, and its banks shelter an amiable convention of bushes, birds and bugs. There was even, at one time, a hermit who lived in a decrepit wooden boat he pulled up under a great pine.

Once the salt marshes had not impinged upon the river and it had flowed from Mast Landing with unconstricted current. Then, in the years before the Revolution, Mast Landing had provided timbers for the spars of the King's ships. Later, vessels as large as 90 tons were built here where today a sixteen foot boat can navigate only when the tide is right.

Three and a half centuries ago, Captain John Smith wrote of the Maine coast:

"Here are no hard landlords to racke us with high rents, or extracted fines

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The Idler

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to consume us; no tedious pleas in law to consume us with their many years deputations for Justice; no multitudes to occasion such impediments to good order, as in the popular States. So freely hath God in his Majesty bestowed these blessings on them that will attempt to obtaine them as here every man may be master and owner of his own labor and land; or the greatest part in a small time."

Captain Smith was right; but there is more than mere relief from the unpleasant pressures of civilization to be found along this stream, out among the islands or in the rain-freshened woods of one of the long peninsulas upon a July afternoon.

There is solitude, beauty and freedom for the soul. But there is something else as well: a reminder that the magnitude and magnificence of the land has helped to propel the American idea through history. A generous and noble land can inspire a generous and noble spirit; it can teach men to seek natural relationships with other men and with the land itself, relationships that transcend artificial ones forced upon them by political, economic and social institutions.

"Never," observed Juvenal, "does nature say one thing and wisdom another."

Yet increasingly we have moved away from the land, crowded into cities that shield us from any contact with that which has not been created by man or his machines, insulated from any source of inspiration other than that of our own manufacture. To maintain our state of anti-nature, we have pillaged the natural outlands —scarring the forests, turning rivers into pestiferous open sewers, contaminating even the air itself

And with this withdrawal from a natural environment has come a decline in the vigor of the American idea, which provides the individual a preeminent place in society and seeks, through law, to protect him in that position against the incursions of any form of despotism.

The idea has worked fairly well against forces of political tyranny. But today it falters in facing a more subtle form of despotism: the random power of a mass societv that lacks philosophy or purpose, a society—in the words of Lewis Mumford—"that is no longer rooted in the complex realities of an organic and personal world; a society made in the image of machines, by machines, for machines."

Such a society has no requirement for the American idea. In fact, free and independent-minded men pursuing happiness can only foul up the works. They contribute nothing to the efficient production of progress. The American constitution encourages attitudes that the American economy seeks to repress. The former seeks a home for the free; the latter a land of the acquiescent.

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There is thus a chasm between the philosophical traditions to which we still claim adherence and the reality in which we find ourselves, a reality that Mumford describes well:

"An economy based not on organic needs, historic experience, human aptitudes, ecological complexity and variety, but upon a system of empty abstractions: money, power, speed, quantity, progress, vanguardism, expansion. The over-valuation of these abstractions, taken as goods in themselves, has produced the unbalanced, purposeless, sick-making, and ultimately suicidal existence we now confront."

The American dream may remain the god we still worship, but is that god dead?

I think not. For an American can still, if he chooses, ignore the depressing values around him and seek the friendship of other more compatible philosophical concepts. It is actually much less difficult to go one's own way in this country than is sometimes suggested. Many (writers prime among them) live highly successful lives because of, rather than in spite of, their alienation from society. I sometimes suspect writers of having a vested interest in making nonconformity appear difficult. They don't wish to flood the market.

Yet, while the remaining opportunity for choice has helped to keep the American idea alive, this is not enough. It should be flourishing. And it is not.

Here is the source of much of our present discontent. Our inability, for example, to make the American dream operative for Negroes and the poor, or to reflect it in our foreign policy, leads inevitably to the sort of frustration that is finding bitter expression these days.

The President and others miss the point when they call for consensus and patriotism.

A consensus of the wrong, the mediocre and the inadequate is worth nothing. Far better that we engage in a lengthy, intense, deeply self-critical and even violent debate. We need to cleanse ourselves of false assumptions that cling to our skins like scaly growths, to examine closely our faults and to attempt new beginnings.

This, in part, is what has been taking place to the distress of government leaders, the hyper-pious press and the stodgier elements of the public. That there is some disorder and misdirection in all this is not surprising; such is the environment of change. We can easily weather the disarrangement; it is less clear that we could tolerate the lack of change.

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Down at the American Legion Hall and at the White House it may all reek slightly of unpatriotism. So be it. America, of all nations, can get along with the barest minimum of chauvinistic ritual. It was created, in fact, upon a basically unpatriotic premise: that man is superior to the state and that the state must serve man and not vice versa. Americans display their highest ideals not in proving that they love their country, but in proving that they love man.

America today stands subjected to substantial accusations that she has failed to stick by her own ideals, to charges of imperialism abroad and neglect at home. And we, her people, appear to be learning the dangerous habit of seeing power and naming it virtue.

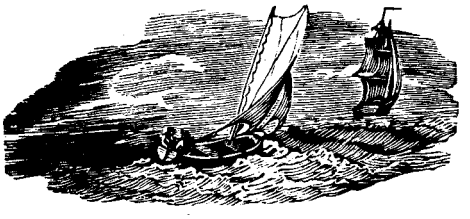
In such a situation, dissent is among the greatest services one can perform. "This," wrote Albert Camus to a German friend in World War II, "is what separated us from you; we made demands. You were satisfied to serve the power of your nation and we dreamed of giving ours her truth."

Such dreams come easily on the shore of a bay in Maine, not so easily in the sophistic, cynical world of a city such as Washington that is swept up in the wonder of its own power.

"Nature," John Locke observed, "never makes excellent things for mean, or no uses."

Man has not yet learned to use his creative power with such grace. Perhaps, then, even for the modern American—overflowing as he is with technology, progress, prosperity and power—a bit of wisdom still awaits in a pine needle, a rocky cove, or the hint of a southwesterly seabreeze upon the cheek.

THE IDLER.



Swine Production in 20th Century Pennsylvania

By Ray Kraus

[Editor's Note: The author is a Washington lawyer who has recently acquired 14 cattle, six pigs and two chickens. There is no known prior history of insanity or farming in his family.]

GATCHELLVILLE, PENNA. 5 June 1966—According to the authoritative *More Profit From Pigs*[1] (Univ. Wisc. Ext. Service, revised June, 1961): ". . . All commercial swine production is for only one purpose — PROFIT." That, in a nut-shell, is the problem.

A few weeks ago, I decided, for reasons now more obscure than ever, to fatten some hogs. A large mushy hog pen was empty—which seemed wrong—and the cattle (another, much more troubling experiment which I cannot now bring myself to write about) had no need for it at all.

A morning was devoted to checking the pen for "hog tighteness" and an afternoon to crawling on hands and knees in an attempt to encourage a resident spring to produce something more than a slight trickle, since *More Profit From Pigs* said that ample fresh

[1]There may be some question about how authoritative it is. On page 5, the pamphlet implies that the factors of "labor, overhead and risk" are "heritable. Improvement can be made by selecting and breeding for them." But should swine-raisers choose their spouses with an eye to inherited ability to raise pigs efficiently? Do they? Even in Wisconsin?

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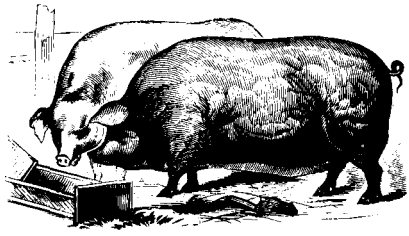
water should be available. A lot of muck was moved and a few frogs disturbed but the pen still has what some swinemen refer to as an "incipient water problem."[2]

In the old days, hogs ate corn or slops. Today, the advanced hogman feeds his stock with a dry mix, produced either from crops (corn, oats, wheat, etc. plus appropriate vitamin and mineral supplements) compounded on the farm or store-bought. Since the only thing available on the farm that could be ground up was dollar bills, it was clear that the hogs would not be eating cheap feed.

A neighbor offered the loan of a "self-feeder," a large box with eight individual lids at the bottom which the pigs raise with their snouts when they feel hungry, i.e. constantly. It was a little alarming that the self-feeder had a 500 pound capacity but it is hard to justify (at least to other hogmen) concern if pigs want to eat like pigs.



At the moment—and may nothing change — "hogs is high." Lots of people are chasing a rather small number of "feeder pigs" (weaned, 35-40 pounds — about 6-8 weeks old). On the night that the pen was ready, not a single feeder pig paraded in front of the spectators at Sechrist's Livestock Auction. Phone calls during the next day to livestock dealers from Red Lion to Fawn Grove were completely unproductive, even though a growing desperation made me willing to pay top dollar, which is, of course, the wrong frame of mind for making any purchase.

It seems incredible now that *not* having pigs could drive one to drink. I sat on the farm-house porch and consumed several cans of beer. But just as I had reached the preliminary rationalization that hog prices probably were too high anyway and that it was a bad time to break into the swine industry, Elwood Sechrist himself arrived in his new pickup truck. For an instant, it seemed possible that he might be about to offer to buy back some of the cattle he had unloaded at "bargain" prices; but not so: Elwood's truck contained six little white Yorkshire pigs, five "gilts" (girls who haven't) and one "barrow" (a boy who never will).

The transaction was completed with unseemly haste on both sides. Elwood even refused a cup of coffee. Each pig cost $19.00,[3] had been vaccinated against cholera (as required by state law) and looked hungry. As soon as the pigs were safely in the pen and Elwood safely out of the farm (he got stuck driving both to and from the pen), I drove to Anderson's Feed Store in New Park.

Mr. Anderson[4] had only one brand of ready-mixed hog feed on hand —

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[2]The problem is becoming more and more incipient. One friend has suggested that I seek an extension of the York city water supply, which halts about 20 miles from the farm but what with the war in Vietnam and all, the pigs would be long gone by the time relief arrived from this source.

[3]My purchases of Sechrist livestock to date have not been touched with anything even faintly resembling blind luck. A neighbor was delighted when he sold comparable—and perhaps better—feeder pigs last week at $18.50 a head.

[4]Although Mr. Anderson is relatively hale in limb, his memory must have been better in the past. I wish there was some way to convince him that I am not a long-lost relative of the Althouses and that I do not (and pray never will) own 100 hogs.

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not one of those big names like "Purina" or "Wayne" which are described in such glowing terms in *Pennsylvania Farmer* advertisements, but "Anderson's Hog Feed," fabricated, of course, by Mr. Anderson. The supplement (pronounced "sed-dlement") in Anderson's feed is "Barker's Hog Mineral"[5] which contains such treats as cobalt carbonate and "D-Activated Plant Sterol." The feed costs only $4.45 per hundred pounds minus five cents off if you pick it up yourself and another five cents off if you return the empty feed bags in good condition.[6]

I have purchased 800 pounds of feed during the last three weeks and the end is not in sight. Frank B. Morrison, who has ground out at least 22 editions of *Feeds and Feeding* warns (page 842): "The amount of feed required for 100 pounds of gain in weight is lowest for young pigs and steadily increases as they grow older and become fatter." ("They" apparently refer to pigs, rather than their owners.)

One reason the little greasers have run through so much feed is that they are very sloppy eaters and spill the Anderson mix all over the ground. Since the cattle are both nosey and hungry, they have been poking their tongues through the hog pen wire by the self-feeder and stealing the mix. To combat these thefts, an electric fence (which gives an incredible jolt from a six volt storage battery) was installed last weekend in front of the self-feeders. The cattle immediately ceased loitering around the spilled hog feed. Now they chew their respective cuds about 20 yards away and watch balefully as the pigs gorge themselves.

Until last week, it seemed that the pig operation might be able to balance some of my almost certain cattle losses. But Russ Curry, a neighbor who owns 125 feeder pigs, burst that balloon when he told me that he expects to be able to make "real money" if his finished hogs (about 220 pounds) sell for $60, which is uncomfortably close to my anticipated break-even point.

More Profit From Pigs, alas, provides no guidance for the future. I really can not bring myself to ordering a severe cut in the daily 18.7 cent salary which 12-year-old Rick Crapser gets for checking the hog pen in my absence; it would be morally wrong to sneak into the pen some dark night and strangle the youngsters (after all, they think of me as their provider); and, worst of all, if I substantially reduce the hog rations and force them to nibble but grass, there are bound to be a lot of unflattering, behind-the-back comments from my fellow swinesmen. So there is not much left to do except to put on a bold front, burn the account books, and destroy without reading *More Profit From Sheep* which just arrived.

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[5]I think Barker is Mr. Anderson's brother-in-law.

[6]When I returned four feed bags last week, Mr. Anderson did not inspect them but merely inquired whether they were in "good" condition. I replied non-commitally that they seemed to be in as good condition as when I got them and received my twenty cent refund. While I am willing to donate "overhead" to the swine operation, close inspection of feed bags in order to save a nickle is definitely out.

HAIKU VARIATION

Twilight trees: crooked
Cords lacing the sky-sea to
Seine an amber pearl.
Witch fingers stirring
Inverted cauldrons flavored
By a nugget moon.

—*George Ellis*

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HUGH HAYNIE ...

"I Haven't Really Lost Touch With You—the People—Have I?"

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Mrs. Gandhi's Tightrope

By Diane Cherry Miller

INDIRA GANDHI HAS BEEN bearing a backbreaking load of problems since she assumed the burdens of office last January: drought, starvation, the aftermath of war, a desperate balance of payments problem. Yet her most difficult problem has been to prove to her domestic audience that she is her father's daughter, while convincing her foreign friends that she is not.

"Nobody need tell me what socialism means, or what Nehru stood for," she has retorted to her domestic critics. "Nehru was not only Prime Minister, he was my father; he was my colleague. I grew up under his shadow, and there is no question of my being untrue." Turning an eye in the other direction, she continued, "At the same time, the important thing is that India should go forward. So if at any time I feel that a departure from Nehru's policy is necessary because India's future calls for it, I will not hesitate to suggest such changes."

India's failure to reach the goals of her third five-year plan (1961-1966) has provoked increasing pressure from the United States and the World Bank for economic reforms. The pledges of the Aid for India consortium were "predicated on the assumption that continued progress will be made with respect to India's key development problems." The consortium described the slow advance in agriculture as threatening the whole economy. It urged India to assume a more flexible attitude toward foreign private investment, to loosen government controls over the economy, and to pay more attention to agriculture in order to relieve India's dependence on food imports.

At the same time, certain Indian planners realized that all was not going well. The government's failure in agriculture was obvious. Food production was 50% below the target of the third plan. Irrigation facilities had been expanded but covered only 20% of the cultivated areas of the country —not nearly enough to tide the country over a period of drought. Jubilation at the increase in food production in 1964-1965 was silenced when the rains failed in July 1965. The cooperative farm effort was a disappointment due to poor management, insufficient credit, and inadequate coverage (5,000 co-op farms were established on only 0.3% of the land). By arduous efforts, the agricultural workers convinced many farmers to demand improved seeds, fertilizers and pesticides, only to have this important achievement frustrated by shortages and high prices.

Above all, no Indian planner could have failed to observe the extent of India's foreign exchange crisis. In 1964-1965, India imported Rs. 12.7 billion worth of goods, but exported goods worth only Rs. 8.1 billion. India's foreign exchange reserves had dropped to what every Indian economist describes as "the critical level."

Thus, both Indians and westerners recognized the necessity for reevaluating procedures and priorities for the fourth five-year plan. But it was the

Mrs. Gandhi: Nobody Need Tell Me

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Nehru: A Daughter's Father

profound shock of the Indo-Pakistan war and the abrupt freeze of United States economic aid which galvanized Indian official opinion.

The typical immediate reaction to the curtailment of United States aid was "to go it alone." One minister told the *London Times'* Financial Editor in mid-December, "if this means a lack of economic growth for two years, so be it . . . If millions starve . . . , that, too we must accept . . . . Anti-Americanism will not need any encouraging in Delhi." But cooler counsel prevailed. How could India "go it alone?" Outside loans and grants, mostly from the United States, accounted for over 32% of India's total public debt in 1965-1966, up from 1.5% in 1950. The United States had poured over $6.5 billion into India since 1951, about half of it in food. One out of five farms in the United States, it has been said, now raises its produce for India.

India had no alternative but to submit to the pressure of the United States and the World Bank. Many of the policy decisions which Mrs. Gandhi is now implementing were made during the last months of Mr. Shastri's life. But it is upon the new Prime Minister and her cabinet that the barrage of criticism has fallen. It is they who are trying to prove to the public that they are *not* doing what they most certainly *are* doing—giving in to the demands of the United States.

It is commonplace to deny that any change in existing policy has taken place, but to avoid defining what "existing policy" is. Speaking of Ashoka Mehta, the Minister for Planning, the *Times of India* remarked in May, "Mehta takes great pains to assert there is no change in policy. It would be more honest to justify the changes that have been made in the interest of more rapid development," since such adjustments are "far less harmful than the present 'double think' which prevents official spokesmen from saying in public what they concede in private." "What is wrong," said the *Times of India* in a later editorial, "is not the fact that changes are made, but rather that the Indian government is giving the impression it is being pushed around."

This is the crux of the problem. Criticism of the Government ranges over a variety of issues, from foreign majority participation and control in Indian industry to the Indo-American Educational Foundation announced in March by President Johnson. Most recently, the devaluation of the rupee, long urged by the United States and

Idler Contest Nr 2

POP AND OP art are rapidly becoming old hat. Write a review of three hundred words or less (favorable or unfavorable) of the first exhibition of the dramatic new art form that will replace them in the public's attention.

Please type and double space your answer. All entries must be in prior to September 1. Mail your entry to IDLER, 413 6th St. NE, Washington D. C. 20002.

First prize will be $10. Second and third prizes will be a year of THE IDLER free.

Winning answers to Idler Contest No. 1 will be published in the September issue.

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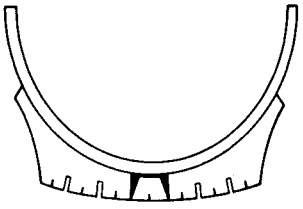

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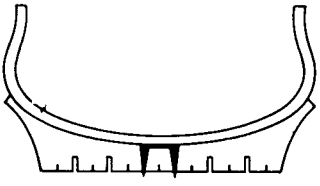

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the World Bank, sparked the sharpest and most widespread opposition. Even pro-Government Congressmen failed to rise to the Government's defense. Underlying all of the criticism is the fear of "foreign domination" of India's economic, political, and cultural life—and by "foreign" the Indian means, above all, American.

To be sure, some of the criticism is motivated by partisan politics. The opposition parties, as well as Mrs. Gandhi's rivals in the Congress party, are jockeying for positions in the general elections next fall. Many attacks are superficial and emotional, such as blanket charges of a "sell-out" to the United States; as one noted Indian pointed out, "India is much too big a country to sell out," and who else could run her?

On this emotional plane, the CIA is a source of much anxiety. The *New York Times'* series on the CIA and reports of the CIA's link with Michigan State University's program in Vietnam attracted distraught attention both in the *Lok Sabha* (parliament) and in the press. The Michigan State debacle seems particularly to underline Indian fears that the Indo-American Foundation will be an instrument of cultural and political domination. Hem Barua, the *Lok Sabha's* version of Wayne Morse, asserted that the CIA has cells in all the universities in countries receiving economic aid from the United States. He demanded assurance from the Prime Minister that the same pattern would not be allowed in the Indo-American Foundation. Another M.P. alluded to reports that 75% of the United States embassy staffs abroad were CIA men, and wanted to know whether India was keeping watch over them. The disclosures about the CIA have, according to the pro-American *Madras*

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Hindu, "cast a pall over perhaps every American working abroad in any capacity."

It would be wrong to dismiss this criticism as easily as did Mr. Rusk in recent testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. After all, the Indian government is republican, and unlike many recipients of our aid, must face an electorate and successfully justify its policies in the midst of such criticism. More important, underneath the more emotional charges are questions of substance which should be considered, not only by Indian officials, but by Americans as well.

India is now engaged in an important debate on the role of private capital in the fourth five-year plan. The controversy was set off by the Government's concessions made to attract much-needed foreign capital for fertilizer plants. Government control over fertilizer prices and distribution was lifted. American International Oil was allowed unprecedented managerial control in the "joint collaboration" which is building a fertilizer plant in Madras State. Mrs. Gandhi and her colleagues may assert that there has been "no change in policy" in this case, but the Minister of Law has admitted that this is a "major departure" from accepted policy and could be cited as a precedent in the future. Although originally foreign managerial control was to be limited to the fertilizer industry, the Government has recently hinted that it would be extended to certain "joint collaborations" in technologically sophisticated industries, such as electronics and alloy steels.

India needs vast quantities of foreign capital, technical assistance and management training. Foreign private enterprises can provide these. But the Indian is afraid that if the foreigner is in a position to dictate there is little prospect that he will part with this advantage; it will be much easier and profitable for him to continue to rely on imported skills. India has had too much experience with economic "imperialism" to relish foreign investment without strict safeguards. Thus the foreign entrepreneur must be willing to collaborate with Indians and to emphasize training Indian personnel to assume managerial responsibility. Partial ownership, too, must rest with Indians. Only through such assurances is it politically feasible for the Indian government to encourage needed joint industrial projects. The difficulties in achieving a proper balance are indicated by the protracted negotiations that were required to reach agreement in the Madras fertilizer case and by the storm of protest that was raised by the final agreement.

India's utter dependence on foreign governmental assistance is a second source of major concern. It leaves the Indian Government wide open to charges of "selling out." Indian and American officials have little disagreement over economic "strings" being attached to U.S. aid. The Indian Government concedes that the U.S. has a legitimate interest in assuring a proper degree of economic progress. But political pressure is greatly feared.

The "Food for Freedom" bill, as reported out by the House Agriculture Committee, is cited by Indians as a case of aid with political strings. The bill prohibits food aid—cash or credit —to any nation furnishing goods to Cuba or North Vietnam. India would be ineligible unless her export of $600,000 worth of jute to Cuba is suspended. The bill establishes the production of food crops (in contrast to cash crops) as one of the criteria for aid. In India, this would require reduction of cotton and tobacco acreage, from which India acquires needed

Problem: You're out in the barn and need to call the vet. Answer: from Bernard Van DeWeert, New York: "Install an extension phone in the barn."

—*Farm Journal*

And if the cow's still alive when you're done, teach her to dial the vet herself.

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Cooley: Assimilating Food

foreign exchange. Undoubtedly, the result would please the Southern tobacco and cotton Congressmen on the House Agriculture Committee. In fact, Representative Harold Cooley (D-N.C.) has succeeded in including free tobacco and cotton in the recent emergency food shipments to India. Mr. Cooley told the House that tobacco helps starving people by easing their tension so they can eat and assimilate food better. By this reasoning, it would appear that India should increase its acreage in tobacco, not decrease it.

There is no clear evidence that the United States has pressured India on the question of Vietnam, although in India this is widely believed to be the case. The Government has remained studiedly neutral, while popular sentiment reflected on the floor of Parliament and in the press is by no means sympathetic to the American position. A member of Parliament complained, "our hopes of foreign aid appear to have sealed our lips on the vital issue of Vietnam." And a letter to the *Times of India* said, "we seem to be tongue-tied on Vietnam despite the brutal air raids by the U.S."

Finally, the accumulation of United States owned rupees in India, through the sale of P.L. 480 food grains, creates a problem of major dimensions. At the end of 1965, the United States controlled $1.3 billion in rupees, or more than 15% of India's total currency supply. John P. Lewis, now head of the U.S. AID mission to India, expressed the view in 1964 that contributions of U.S. rupee holdings to the Indian government do not constitute any real contribution to Indian economic development, since India had originally issued this currency in payment to the United States for food. Senator Walter Mondale (D-Minn.) described America's P.L. 480 holdings as "an acute embarrassment to the Indian Government," providing an ample target for anti-foreign sentiment in India. The Indo-American Educational Foundation is the most recent attempt to put part of these funds to work. Whatever its merits, it has been a subject of much controversy without being a solution to the problem of ever-accumulating rupees.

It would be far wiser for the United States to drop this kind of subterfuge and instead place a major emphasis on outright grants and long-term (40-year or longer) low-interest loans to India. Otherwise, the saying in New Delhi, that the U.S. "will soon own a majority of the Indian money supply," may become reality.

The political balancing act performed by Mrs. Gandhi has thus far been successful. As Pandit Nehru's daughter, she alone has the prestige to withstand conflicting forces from the United States and her domestic critics. But her position is precarious. The United States must give careful attention to political as well as to economic realities.

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The McDowell Papers

By Charles McDowell, Jr.

WHEN THEY COME to Washington on business or as tourists, some citizens get the idea that their government is trying to confuse them. It is not necessary to come all the way to Washington for that, of course, but here we have a particular problem.

Visitors keep getting lost on elevators. On Capitol Hill, hundreds of people are confused by the elevators every day, and there is no excuse for it. Anyone who seeks instruction in the folkways of the elevators, and who studies hard and thinks clearly, ought to be able to master the subject in a day.

It takes some freshman senators and congressmen longer, but they also have China, DeGaulle and inflation to worry about and probably should be forgiven.

Until a few years ago, when a bold program of efficiency was instituted, the elevator situation at the Capitol really was difficult. The floors were designated G for gallery, P for principal, F for first and SB for sub-basement. There was no basement for some reason, but never mind.

If you wanted to go to the level where the House and Senate convene, you said "Principal" and the operator punched the P button and took you to the second floor—unless you were an old hand who insisted upon referring to the "Principal" floor as the "floor" floor, in which case the tourists on the elevator became terribly uneasy and the operator, depending on his experience, might take you anywhere.

If you wanted to go to the first floor, you said "Street" and the operator took you to F for first. If you wanted to catch the trolley to one of the office buildings, you said "Subway" and the operator took you to SB for sub-basement.

When the system was reorganized, the floors were designated 3, 2, 1 and B for basement. Veterans will say "Floor" when they want 2 and "Street" when they want 1 and "Subway" when they want basement. This works fairly well in the Senate wing, but in the House wing another level has been added for the new trolley, and the levels are 3, 2, 1, B for basement and S for Subway. It is well to remember that the subway is not in the basement of the House, but that when you find it, if you do, it goes to the Rayburn House Office Building where it arrives on the level designated G3.

In that building the floors are 4, 3, 2, 1, B for basement, SB for sub-basement, G3, G2 and G1. The Gs stand for garage, and the numbers run the wrong way. Try to remember that 1 is ground-level on some elevators and B is ground-level on others, depending on the slope of the hill where the building stands. Bring a topographical map.

While G means garage and subway in the Rayburn building, it means ground-level in the New Senate Office Building, known as the New S.O.B.

(Please turn to page 16)

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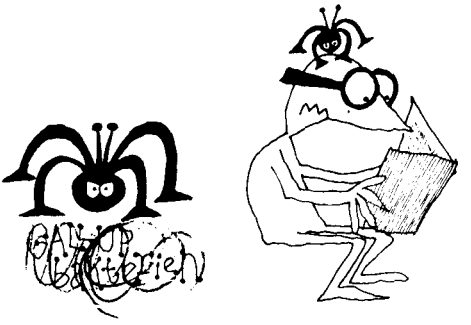
FQM: Gallup Bacillus



1. The gallup-bacillus strikes politicians who read in a Gallup poll that their party has slipped a couple of points in popularity.

2. The politician immediately falls into a heavy sweat.

3. He has hallucinations in which he sees his seat snatched out from under him.

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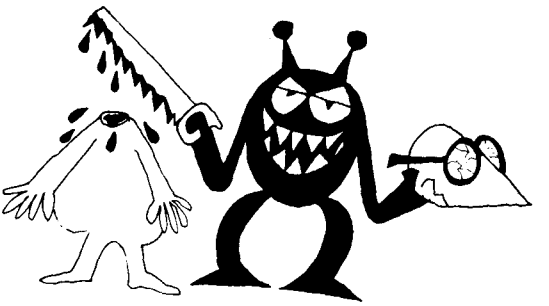
4. The patient is now in serious condition and is willing to adopt any course — even to eating his own words.



5. In more drastic cases the unfortunate politician loses his head completely.

6. But come to think of it, what does a politician need a head of his own for, when he has a perfectly good Gallup poll?

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There the floors are designated 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, G, B and SB. The subway is at B. There is nothing at SB except desperate little bands of lost visitors.

Incidentally, the office numbers in the New S.O.B. have four digits to distinguish them from those in the Old S.O.B., which have three digits. The first digit indicates the floor level. In the House office buildings, on the other hand, the Cannon building has three-digit numbers while both the Longworth and Rayburn buildings have four-digit numbers. If the first of four digits is 1 you are in Longworth and if it is 2 you are in Rayburn, and in either case the second digit indicates the floor level.

In the Cannon building, which has five numbered floors and a basement, it is well to remember that the floor numbered 2 is the main floor, and the floor numbered 1 is the entering level except on two sides, where it is underground. To get to the fifth floor of the Cannon building, you have to change elevators at the fourth. We don't recommend it.

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CREDITS

The character sketches are drawn by John Perts, of Suffolk, Va.

Bob and Susie Sanderson, of Bristol, R. I., helped — as usual — with the production of this issue.

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Garbled in Transit

By A. H Berzen

FOR SOME TIME NOW, I have been aware of a certain peculiarity in some peoples' speech. The first intimation I had of this was when my attorney, with whom I'd been discussing a real estate deal, asked, "Lou tramples the leaves?"

We were walking along the street in broad daylight and at the corner, as we separated to avoid an oncoming truck, his words caromed off the side of the vehicle.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"Who handles his lease?"

A few days later, as I stopped for a traffic light, a convertible pulled up alongside. Seated in front were a man and woman; in the rear, an elderly woman and a child. The child, seeing the collie beside me, moved as if to reach for the dog. His granny, holding him back, uttered what was undoubtedly a gentle caution.

The traffic signal changed just as her words reached me: "Total coordination sings blue."

And the woman in front, turning, replied, "Nantucket peg and frog."

A revolving door yields remarkable results. Often, sentences thus garbled

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retain enough meaning to form a complete phrase. One such occurred as I was entering a department store recently. A small girl preceded me and I heard the child distinctly ask her mother, "High fly to centerfield?"

The mother's reply might have startled a passerby — "Buck and wing at noon," — but I was unruffled.

Moments later, mounting an escalator, I overheard a teen-age boy behind me. Someone else would have envisioned a Wall Street prodigy, dabbling in commodities — "Oat carloadings are the key," he told his companion — but I alighted without a backward glance.

Streets, of course, are the most fertile ground for deranged dialogue, but stairwells are excellent, too. The bits and fragments I frequently hear, ascending or descending, often surpass the semantic flotsam of a broad avenue.

Last week, in a midtown office building, I caught an exchange between the elevator operator and a young woman. As she got out at her floor, she inquired, "Basal metabolism and glue?"

The man nodded. "Muddy waters make fine lime."

But to the speaker (who obviously speaks them) and to the listener (who apparently hears them), such utterances make sense.

Busy street intersections are ideal spawning grounds. Several days ago, I heard a traffic cop remark, "Pipe stems are waterlogged by heritage," as he carefully guided an elderly lady across the street.

She looked up at him, smiling.

That afternoon, as two young girls whizzed by on bicycles, one said, "Jungle grass and carbon are a blend," to which the second added, "Max developed an urban way."

Spring is the best season for this game, since high winds not only confound original meaning, but add dimension the actual words do not have. Rain, too, works well.

One damp morning, on Connecticut Avenue, a distinguished looking gentleman turned to his chic female companion and said, "White figs and martinets lean toward snow."

The woman, as if pronouncing some knowledge she, alone, possessed, declared, "Techniques impinge on Nancy."

I didn't even turn from my window-shopping.

My theory is simple: words are rebelling. They've become damned tired of being battered in briefings, mutiliated in communiques, and are evolving a precise gibberish, an explicit argot of nothing.

But enough — there's a brisk wind today, with powerful gusts, and the streets are crowded with people, all talking, talking.

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YALE MAP FLAP

Your correspondent "Gandalf" has obviously been in touch with much of the gossip and "folklore" that has quickly sprung up around the Vinland Map [Yale Discovers America, Idler No. 20]. But there is one important point which he neglects or does not know, and so does some injustice to Yale University.

It is that Yale's policy of secrecy while researching the map was dictated by the map's owner, who, at that time, must have been either Laurence Witten, the New Haven rare-book dealer who first discovered the map's significance, or the anonymous donor who bought the map for Yale.

"Gandalf" might also be interested in knowing that this policy has kept secret the country in which the map was found, apparently because that country might be in a position to raise a fuss about the sale of the map abroad.

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New Haven, Conn.

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Letter from Lorelei

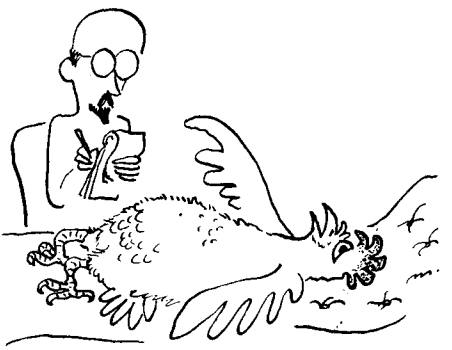
DEAR SAM, Got my housecleaning done. *My* housecleaning, that is, which doesn't mean it would be O.K. with anyone else. Any one of my neighbors would turn up her nose and then tell her cronies what a terrible housekeeper I am. Well, so what? I am. I don't have a vacuum cleaner. I don't even have a rug. I don't have a single floor that can be waxed or polished. I just ignore the whole damn mess and look at my growing garden and hope we don't get heavy windstorms and hurricanes and stuff.

I have just been out on a small tour of inspection. I found that big dumb rooster (there are days when he doesn't come down from the roost till almost evening) and the gander in conference in a corner of the leaky hen house. Something peculiar about those two, no fooling. I also have one insane chicken: harmless, but way off her rocker. Know any chicken headshrinker in Washington? I should think you'd need a few, what with all the old society hens you have about.

I keep reading of all the doings in the world of theatre, ballet, opera and concert and of all the poison Paul Hume [critic of the *Washington Post*] is distilling for Howard Mitchell and I get homesick for the world of music I knew. How we loved it all without the help of fuzzy-headed critics.

I attended the *Merry Widow's* 500th performance in Vienna (or the 1000th — I don't remember which). Franz Lehar conducted. His hair was a wild black mop and the audience was almost hysterical. It sang along with the cast, which annoyed Lehar. He would turn around and shake his baton at us. It was almost a riot. At the end, the stage was heaped with flowers thrown from all over the house (also small gifts) and something hit Lehar right smack on the back of his head and made him furious. He turned around and shook his fist. Real pandemonium. Couldn't happen here in this cold-blooded, cynical America. What would crabby Paul Hume have had to say about such goings on?

I heard him talk about Gustav Mahler and I remembered the day I was walking up Mariahilfer Strasse in Vienna and met Mahler's funeral procession. People were kneeling on the sidewalks. The men had their



hats off, the women were crying. Bruno Walter was then just about 30 years old. I remember him also. And every time I see Eric Leinsdorf on my TV screen, I recall the only time I saw him in person. He was sitting in his baby carriage, 18 months old. Now look at the bald headed conductor. But it was his father who got me the nice hateful job of coaching a spoiled playboy brat, a job that included a season ticket to the opera.

I had almost the same luck in New York City coaching a little girl whose mother was a miniature painter. She painted the artists at the Met and she gave me a season's pass for all the Wagnerian cycle. Only it turned out to be for the Thursday matinee and

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The Corner Aphorist

By Sam A. Darcy

☞ HIS CLOTHES ANNOUNCED success; he had the face of a constipated camel, at once haughty, disdainful and pained. He was a traveling salesman and I had no yearning for his company. But we were all in the elevator of the Paris Hotel in Manhattan, where he was ribbing a young bearded peace corpsman, in training at Columbia University.

"I hear," he said, "that in some African countries the cannibals cook one peace corpsman and one jackass together to make themselves a stew".

"Then let's thank God we're both safe in New York" the youngster replied.

☞ "A LOCAL ROMAN Catholic priest who grew up in the neighborhood hummed up the situation. . ."

—From a *New York Times* article "The Harlem Italians."

Must be one of those hammy tenors!

☞ EVERYONE KNOWS THAT in the U. S. we have no classes. Furthermore everyone knows that he belongs to the middle class. These two things I believe as a patriotic American. And please don't confuse we with a lot of talk!

☞ JOHNSON NEEDS KY
FOR VIETNAM CRISIS
—Headline in NJ newspaper

Well, he has the Ky. The trouble is Ho Chi Minh seems to have the keyhole.

☞ RUDOLPH HESS' ATTORNEY WANTS HIM FREED FROM PRISON; SAYS HE'S INSANE
—Headline, Penna. newspaper

Now he tells us!

☞ OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH Vietnam reminds us of an old Chinese story.

The servant of a cruel feudal lord met a neighboring friend, who asked how he got along with his master.

"Oh," the servant answered, "he is in truth very fair. We start every day by beating the dust out of each other's coats, only he takes his off and I have to keep mine on."

☞ There's this story about Hubert Humphrey in heaven, but there's no use telling it, the locale is clearly unbelievable.

I had to teach in school. With a little wire pulling I got the pass switched. All Wagner gives me ulcers anyway. I was glad to trade for a few Italianos. Me, I like Traviata, Tosca, Faust, Masked Ball, Aida, Otello, Der Freischutz, Wozzeck and such. I guess I've listened to opera since I could first hear. I could sing "Libiamo" and "A fors e lui" when I was three years old. Also "Kennst du das Land." So who can expect me to listen to Barbra Streisand and like her.

Send me a typewriter ribbon.

Love,
Lorelei
Federalsburg, Md.

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Washington Notes

THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE to Fulfill These Rights (it hurts even to write that) was the Rayburn House Office Building of conferences. Enormous, expensive and heavy, it filled the meeting rooms of two hotels for two days and the time of several thousand delegates, staff officials and reporters.

The press room was the largest this side of a political convention and newsmen were provided with an elaborate press kit enclosed in a plastic attache case stamped with the White House seal (which at least one observer thought might raise considerable anti-poverty funds if sold at public auction).

The conference was headed by Ben Heineman, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, which made sense since it was that sort of a job. With the unpleasant memory of other recent conferences in Washington at which Negroes and the poor had said what they thought in uncomfortably forceful tones, the organizers of this affair were determined that the meetings would run as smoothly as passenger trains used to.

On the whole, they were not disappointed. Yet one could not avoid the feeling that the Administration was trying just a bit too hard to make sure everything came out right. Even the record of the Star Spangled Banner played at the first session spun about about twice as fast as any of the delegates could sing it.

Like most such conferences, the ridiculous and the useful were mixed together with the carelessness of the drunken discussion of intelligent men. There were important, valuable proposals. Some civil rights sinners were at least partially reformed. And maybe some good will come out of it all.

Still, it is perhaps not too much to hope that, at some point, we shall learn that there are better places to reason together than at a circus.

IF STOKELY CARMICHAEL and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee wish to aggravate Whitey with their comments about "black power," they have certainly succeeded.

The scribes of the extremist middle, led by Messrs. Evans & Novak, are having editorial fits.

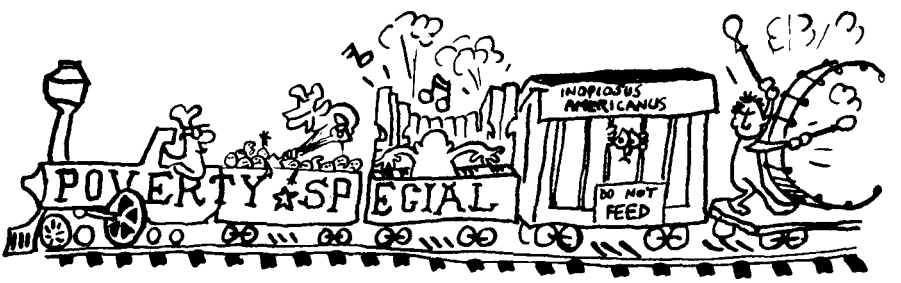
The President and Vice President have spoken out bravely for unity and against that self-defeating separatism that we all fear so well.

White liberals are reassuring their friends that *they* only support responsible civil rights groups.

Even the *New Republic* warns of dire dangers in the course of events.

Actually, what we have seen in the massive white remonstration against the militant tone of SNCC is something as old as segregation: the problem of the uppity Negro.

SNCC became uppity and the white community rose as one to put it back in its place.



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It is, in all likelihood, a futile effort, for the separatist spirit is inevitable in a situation where a majority consistently refuses to meet the just demands of a minority. It is a protective device that has many historical precedents. What the Negro militants are after is similar to what the Irish successfully achieved in Boston, the Jews in New York and the Mormons in Utah: power without assimilation.

They are rebelling against the attempt to make the black man in the white man's image.

They ask: why should we change? It is not we who have oppressed, lynched, cheated, killed and neglected a minority group. Why should we adopt the values (or the family structure) of men who have for years patently failed in the basic responsibilities of decent human beings?

In a recent address at Howard University, Adam Clayton Powell remarked:

"The history of the last 25 years of the freedom struggle has been capsuled in only two concepts: integration and civil rights.

"During those years our leaders drugged us with the LSD of integration. Instead of telling us to seek audacious power — more black power — instead of leading us in the pursuit of excellence, our leaders led us in the sterile chase of integration as an end in itself in the debasing notion that a few white skins sprinkled amongst us would somehow elevate the genetics of our development.

"As a result, ours was an integration of intellectual mediocrity, economic inferiority and political subservience."

"Audacious power," for all its frightening overtones, is simply the goal that all politicians and political groups seek. John Kennedy sought it and George Romney and Bobby Kennedy seek it. There is nothing sinister or undemocratic in the fact that Mr. Powell and Mr. Carmichael also seek it. Furthermore, there is no reason why they should have to deny their negritude in order to achieve it.

Powell: Audacious Power

A worker in the poverty program told me the other day, "If they want our middle-class white money, they're going to have to accept our middle-class white ways." Such an attitude pervades much white thinking on civil rights and poverty.

It is an attitude of cultural imperialism, a way of saying that America isn't big enough for anything other than a white middle-class society.

Such an attitude ignores the number of ethnic groups in this country that have achieved power without surrendering their ethnic identity. There is no need to force cultural conformity in order to provide opportunity and freedom of choice in education, jobs and housing. There is no reason why progress in civil rights has to include a mandatory metamorphosis of the Negro into the white Anglo-Saxon American prototype.

If we are witnessing a surge in Negro ethnic pride, it is with good justification. As Mr. Powell told the Howard students:

"We are the last revolutionaries in America—the last transfusion of freedom into the blood stream of democracy."

There is much truth in that. The Negro-led civil rights revolution is the greatest new political and social force to have appeared in America in decades.

Yet the benefits received from the advancement of the Negro's cause have

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been too often thought of in negative terms: the removal of barriers, the elimination of evils. The Negro has not been adequately credited with adding a new positive political and moral force to the American tradition.

There are undoubtedly wiser and more eloquent spokesmen for the Negro than Stokely Carmichael. And SNCC's Panther Party may be an exercise in political futility. But it ill befits a President who failed to respond to SNCC's repeated pleas for federal protection and assistance during the civil rights struggle in the South to criticize the organization for trying to find its own way. And it was a sorry sight to observe the nationwide moralistic hue and cry that arose when a small band of brave and idealistic men and women dared to tweak the nose of the white community. It is with shame, not derision and remonstrance, that we should hear out the complaints of the Negro militants. For whatever manifestations it may produce, their anger is a just one.

There are reports about that Michigan State University is going to be renamed UCIA.

The Stuff of Heroes

WE HAVE MADE SOME unkind and uncomplimentary assessments of the John Birch Society on many occasions since it first burst reluctantly into public prominence a few years ago . . . and we have so far found no reason to revise those assessments. But we've got to admit that the dedicated Birch Society member must have some of the qualities of which heroes are made.

We base this opinion on official Birch Society publicity releases about the Birchers' latest edcuational effort for the rank and file . . . a study series titled "One Dozen Trumpets" which, according to officials of the society, is "a new educational tool" recently released under the JBS label which loyal members are expected to absorb.

The "Trumpets" are long-playing records . . . twelve of them each running about an hour and a half . . . and Birch Society chapters are forming study groups to listen to the recordings in sessions scheduled for one night a week for six weeks. "One Dozen Trumpets," we are told, "deals with the whole Communist conspiracy and its impact upon current history."

And the narration is by . . . guess who? . . . Robert Welch himself, the founder and father-confessor of the Birchers . . . who drones through all eighteen hours of it.

Now we have heard Mr. Welch on this subject . . . once in an uninterrupted two-hour filmed oration . . . and he's no silver-tongued orator. Anybody who sits through eighteen hours of a Robert Welch lecture . . . even if it's broken up in three hour sittings . . . has got to have some heroism in him.

Or a tin ear and an iron bottom.

—Ben Ezzell in
The Canadian (Tex.) Record

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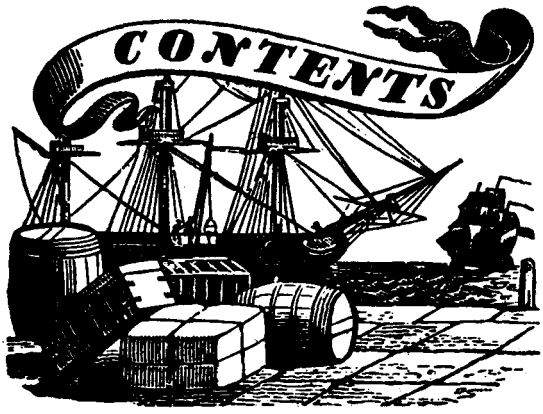

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